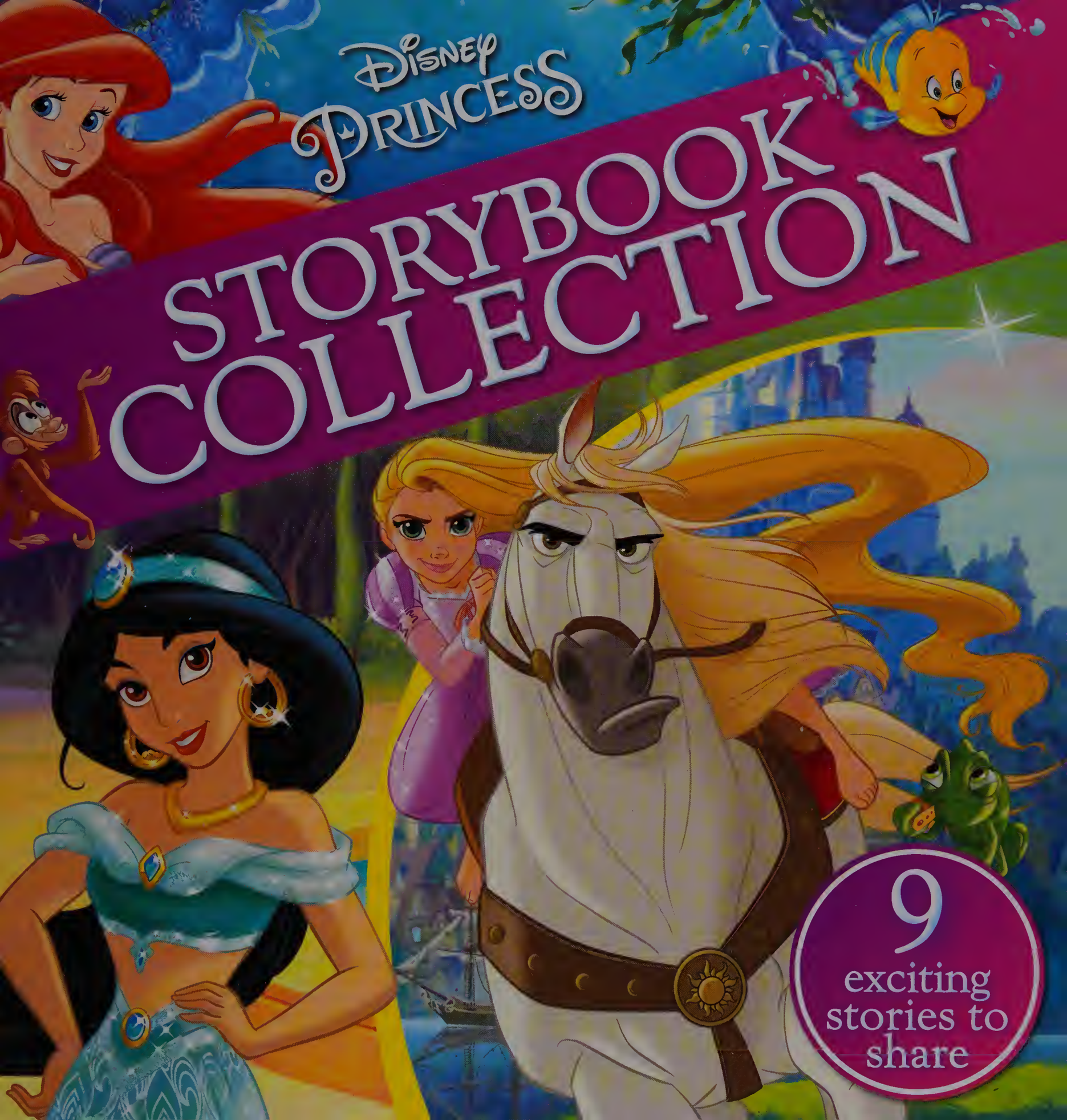
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Disney Princess

Mulan

Khan to the Rescue

Mulan sighed loudly as she dipped her brush into the pot of ink and gently touched it to the paper in front of her. She hated practising calligraphy. It was so boring.

She heard a horse neigh in the distance. Mulan wished she was out there, too – not stuck inside with the musty ink pot and her own thoughts.

Ignore it, she told herself. Calligraphy, calligraphy, calligraphy—

NEIGH!

Mulan jumped. Her father's horse, Khan, was right outside her window!

Mulan hurried outside. Right away she noticed something alarming.

"That's Grandma's hat," Mulan said to Khan. "And that's Grandma's basket. And, come to think of it, Grandma was going to take you down to the orchard today. And here you are..."

But there was no sign of Grandma!

Khan pawed the ground impatiently. He wouldn't have left Grandma alone unless she really needed help!

Khan whinnied again and tossed his head back towards the saddle.

"You want me to climb up?" Mulan guessed. "You'll take me to her?" She paused.

"I want to," Mulan told Khan, "but I'm not allowed. Wait here, and I'll run into the village to get help."

Khan butted her urgently with his big, soft nose.

"I know," Mulan said, rubbing his ears. Oh, it was so frustrating! Mulan was trying to be a proper lady, and proper ladies did not leap on horses and ride to the rescue.

But maybe just this once...

"You're right," Mulan said, making a decision. "There isn't enough time to go to the village."

Just this once.

The moment Mulan settled in the saddle, Khan leapt into a full gallop. Mulan held on for dear life as the horse sped through the countryside.

They galloped over hills and through valleys. They jumped over fallen trees and splashed through rivers.

Soon, they arrived at the orchard and Khan skidded to a stop in front of an old cherry tree. Mulan slid down from the saddle.

"Grandma?" she called. She looked all around, but she couldn't see her grandmother anywhere. "Grandma!"

"Up here!"

Mulan peered up into the branches of the cherry tree.

"The ladder fell," Grandma said. "And I couldn't climb down. I'm so happy to see you, Mulan!"

"I'll get you down right away!" Mulan promised. But when she picked up the ladder, it fell apart in her hands.

"Oh, no," Mulan said. "The ladder is broken."

Grandma looked worried. "Maybe you should go and get help from the village," she said.

"It would take forever," Mulan replied. "Don't worry, Grandma, I've got this."

Mulan looked around. "Okay," she muttered to herself, "let's see what we have to work with. One horse, one saddle, two baskets, one bridle… Aha!" She had the perfect plan.

First she unbuckled Khan's reins from his bridle, and knotted a piece of her sash to them. Then she tied one end of the leather strap to Grandma's basket.

Mulan tossed the strap up to her grandmother.

"Sling it over the branch," she instructed.

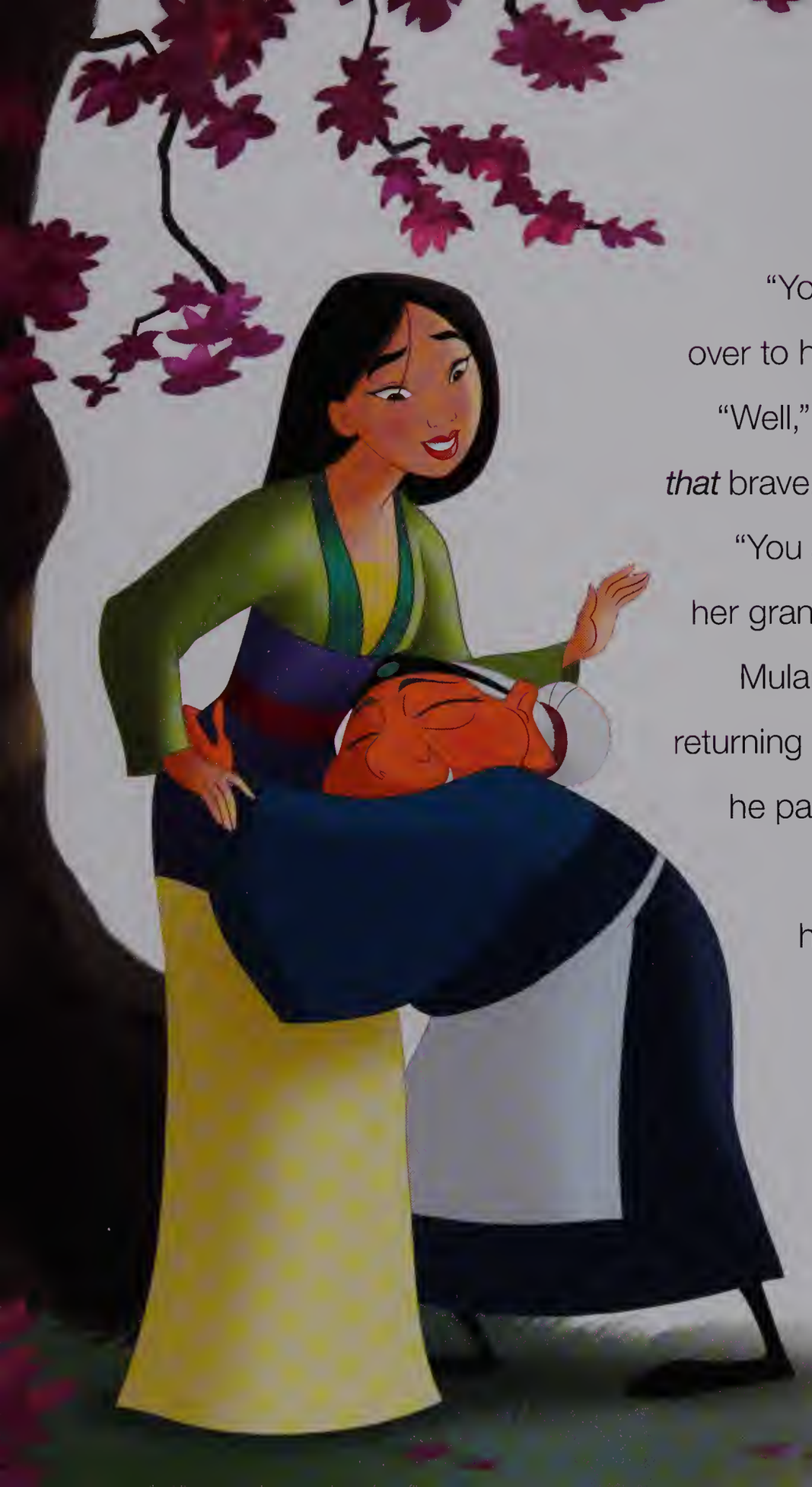
Then she tied the other end of the makeshift rope to Khan's saddle.

"Sling it over the branch," she instructed. Then she tied the other end of the makeshift rope to Khan's saddle.

Mulan held Khan's bridle and backed him slowly away from the tree. The strap pulled tight and the basket rose into the air until it was right next to Grandma!

"Step into your chariot, Grandma," Mulan said with a grin.

Once her grandmother was in the basket, Mulan led Khan forward step by step until the basket was safely back on the ground.



"You did it!" Grandma cried, rushing over to hug Mulan. "You brave girl!"

"Well," Mulan said, blushing, "I'm not *that* brave. I wasn't the one stuck up a tree."

"You *are* brave," Grandma said, hugging her granddaughter. "Brave and brilliant."

Mulan and Grandma took their time returning home. Khan didn't seem to mind – he paused to graze as they went.

"Father will be angry," Mulan told her grandmother. "I was supposed to be practising calligraphy today."

Grandma made a thoughtful *hmm* sound. "I think," she said, "I can help. Just this once."

That evening at dinner, Mulan's father asked how her studies had gone.

"Actually," Grandma spoke up, "I helped Mulan with her calligraphy today."

"Oh?" Mulan's father said. He turned to his daughter. "What character did you practise?"

"The character of 'courage'," she replied. Mulan and Grandma shared a secret smile. "I had a great teacher."

Disney Princess

Beauty and the Beast

The Friendship Invention

"Oh, Papa, isn't it exciting?" Belle asked. She and her father, Maurice, were walking towards the centre of town. It was the day of the first annual Invention Convention. Maurice had been organising it for months, and the big day had finally arrived.

"It certainly is," said Maurice. "People from all over the countryside are coming. I have a feeling there are some big surprises in store!"

When Belle and her father arrived, the town square was bustling with more activity than ever before. Townsfolk were eagerly setting up booths to display their incredible inventions.

"Why don't you go and explore while I get ready?" Maurice said.

Belle could hardly wait. She loved seeing new inventions – and there were so many to look at!

Everywhere Belle looked there was a new imaginative contraption. Some had lots of bells and whistles. Others were quite practical and some were simple and sweet.

Just when Belle thought she'd seen everything, she spied a crowd gathered across the square. Belle squeezed through the thick circle of people to see what everyone was oohing and aahing over.

There must be something extra exciting over here, Belle thought.

When she reached the centre, Belle's eyes grew wide. In the middle of the circle was an invention unlike any of the others. And the inventor was a girl Belle's age! She was just about to demonstrate how her machine worked and she was looking for a volunteer.

"What's your name?" the girl asked Belle.

"I'm Belle," she replied.

"My name is Simone. Would you like to be my volunteer?"

When Belle nodded, Simone guided her over to her invention. "Please place these leaves on the screen."

Belle did as she was asked. Then Simone closed the flap on the machine and pushed a button.

"*Et voilà!*" cried Simone.

Out popped one little, smooth piece of paper. Simone's invention pressed tree leaves into note paper!

The crowd clapped and cheered loudly.

As people drifted away, Belle helped Simone collect her pile of leaf paper.

"How did you think of such a clever invention?" Belle asked.

"When I was little, I always dreamt of building an invention that could spread happiness," Simone explained. "One day, I realised special little notes make people happy. Sometimes you even make a new friend with a note. So I decided to invent a machine that created paper as special as the notes."

Belle looked at the stack of beautiful leaf paper. "That gives me a fantastic idea!" she said.

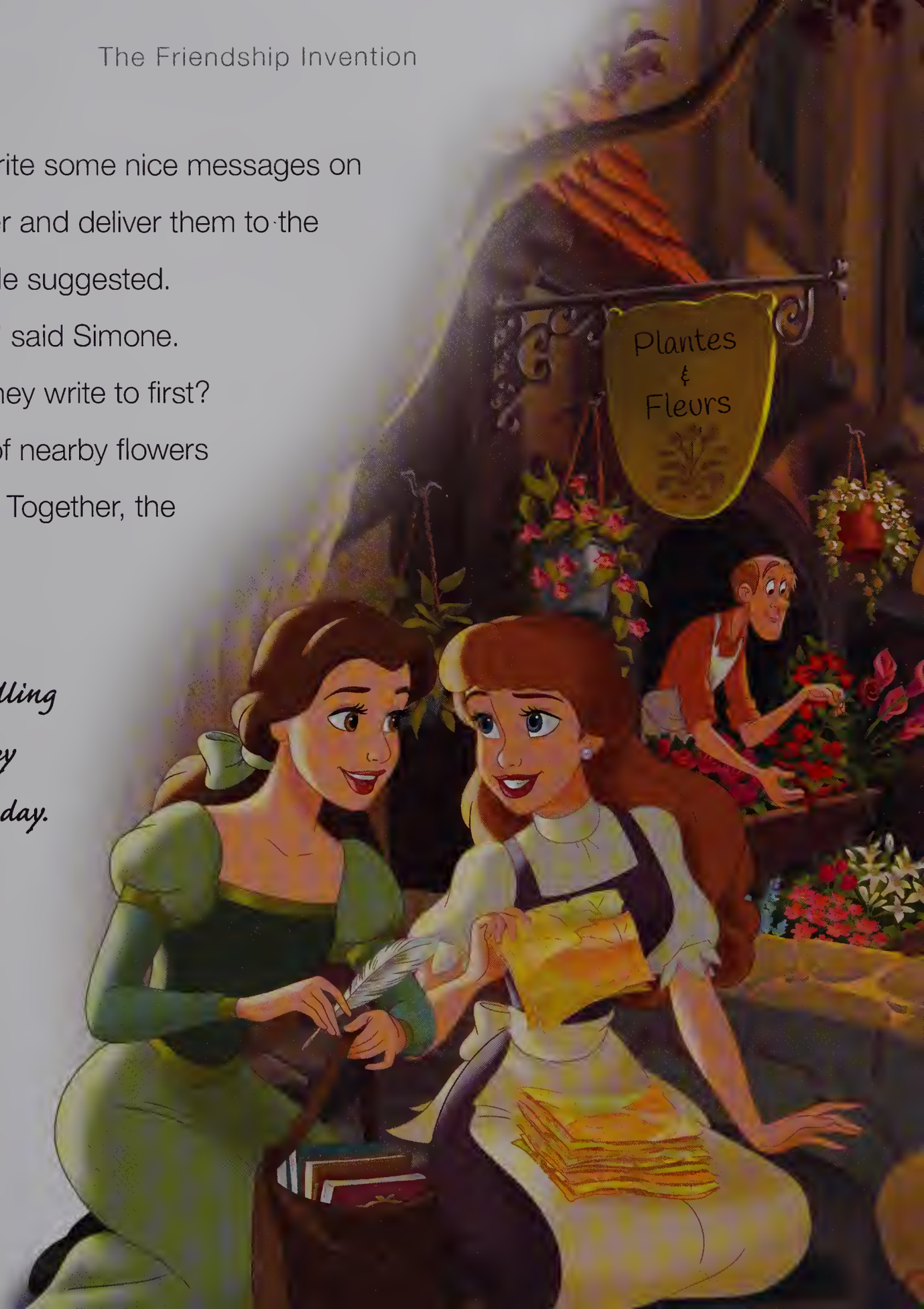
"Why don't we write some nice messages on these pieces of paper and deliver them to the people in town?" Belle suggested.

"How wonderful!" said Simone.

But who would they write to first?

The fresh scent of nearby flowers helped them decide. Together, the girls wrote a note to the florist:

Thank you for selling beautiful flowers. They brighten up everyone's day.



Belle and Simone delivered the note, but they didn't sign it. They wanted to spread happiness in secret – that made it more exciting.

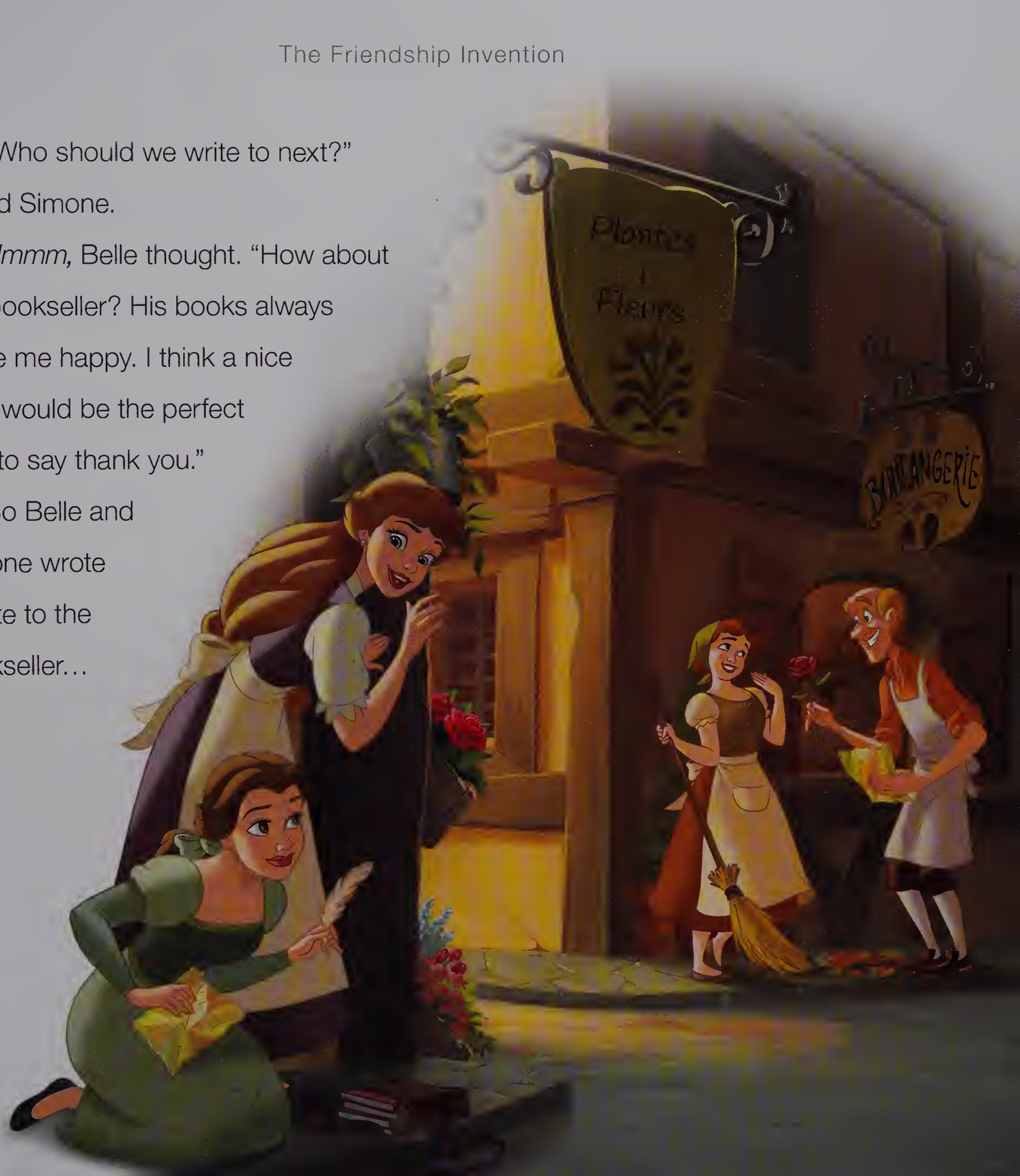
They watched as the florist opened his message. Reading it seemed to make him very happy!

"This is fun," said Simone. "Let's write another one."

"Who should we write to next?" asked Simone.

Hmmm, Belle thought. "How about the bookseller? His books always make me happy. I think a nice note would be the perfect way to say thank you."

So Belle and Simone wrote a note to the bookseller…



… and delivered it in secret.

The bookseller looked curious when he discovered the note. Belle and Simone watched as he opened it, read it and smiled.

Belle winked. "Your invention is working," she whispered to Simone. "It really is spreading happiness!"

Together, the girls delivered kind messages to many of the townsfolk. Soon, they had only one sheet left.

"Who should we write our last note to?" Simone asked.

"I know just the person," said Belle.

A short while later, Belle and Simone delivered a very special handwritten message to Maurice. This time, they did not hide.

Dear Papa,

Thank you for organising this wonderful convention.
It brought two new friends together.

Belle and Simone

Maurice chuckled. "You're quite welcome." Then he handed each girl a new book.

"The bookseller asked me to pass these on as a special thank you. He recognised your handwriting, Belle. The note made him very happy."

At the end of the day, the convention drew to a close. It was time for Simone to pack up her invention and say goodbye.

"I had a wonderful time," Simone told Belle. "I'm so glad we met. I wanted to give you this."

She handed Belle a beautiful fresh stack of leaf paper. "Promise you'll write?"

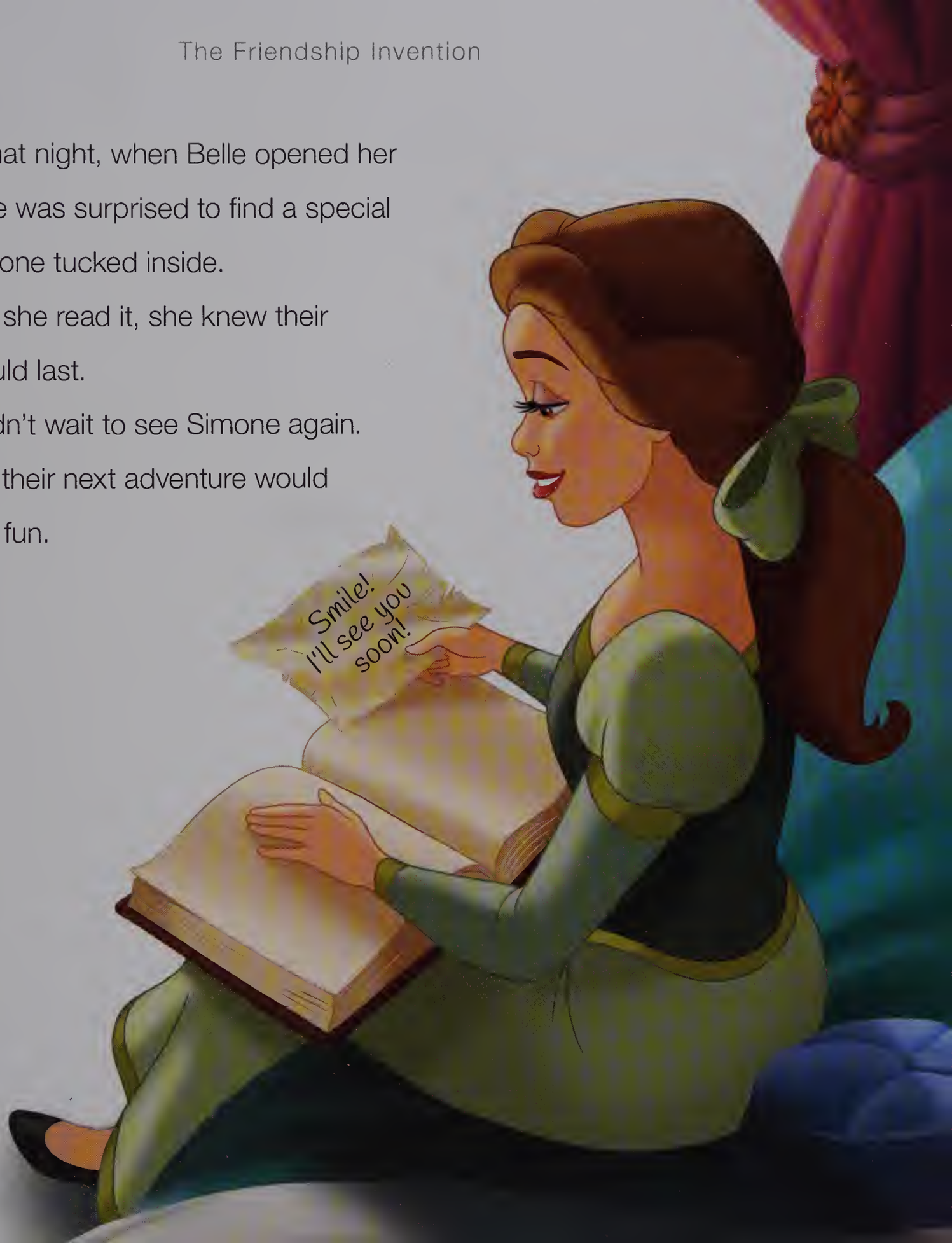
Belle hugged Simone. "Of course," she said. "And you must write back to me. I want to hear about all the incredible new inventions you come up with!"

Belle waved as Simone's cart rolled away. She was going to miss her new friend.

But later that night, when Belle opened her new book, she was surprised to find a special note from Simone tucked inside.

And when she read it, she knew their friendship would last.

Belle couldn't wait to see Simone again. She was sure their next adventure would be even more fun.



Disney Princess

Cinderella

A New Mouse

Warm sunlight streamed through the windows of Cinderella's parlour as she shared afternoon tea with her mouse friends.

Even though the food was delicious, Cinderella found it difficult to enjoy the tasty treats. She was too busy thinking about her friend Gabrielle, who would be arriving very soon. Gabrielle was the prince's cousin, but she lived so far away that Cinderella didn't get to see her very often.

Just then, a royal page entered the parlour. “Lady Gabrielle has arrived,” he announced. Gabrielle swept into the room and ran to hug Cinderella.

“It’s so good to see you, dear,” she said. As the two friends chatted excitedly, Jaq and Gus noticed that Gabrielle had an unusual item with her.

“What’s-a that?” asked Jaq. He pointed to a fancy little house that Gabrielle had set on the floor.

Gabrielle noticed the curious mice and explained right away. "Let me introduce you to my beloved friend Babette." Gabrielle opened the little door to the house and Babette trotted out onto her hand.

Jaq and Gus couldn't believe it. Babette was a mouse!

"I found little Babette lost in one of the manor bedrooms," Gabrielle said. "After meeting your mouse friends, Cinderella, I just knew I had to take her in."

Jaq and Gus waved to the new mouse, but Babette just stared at them.

"Would you like a pastry, Babette?" Cinderella asked.

The mouse took a piece, then ran back onto Gabrielle's hand.

"She should-a said thank-a you," Jaq whispered to Gus.

"Rude!" agreed Gus.

"Cinderella, dear, you simply must show me the castle garden," Gabrielle said, setting down Babette.

"Jaq, Gus, perhaps you can give Babette a tour of the castle," Cinderella suggested, as they turned to leave.

Jaq and Gus agreed and immediately began showing Babette all their favourite places in the castle.

"This-a the library!" Jaq said.

"Lots-a books," Gus said, pointing at the shelves.

Babette gazed around, but she didn't say a single word.

Then Jaq and Gus took Babette to the grand ballroom. "Do you have a ballroom?" Jaq asked, trying to start a conversation.

Babette nodded. That was all.

Jaq and Gus took Babette all over the castle, hoping to find something that she would be interested in. But no matter where they went, Babette simply nodded and stayed silent.

That afternoon, Cinderella asked Jaq and Gus how their morning with Babette had been.

"She's a snob," Jaq told Cinderella.

"Stuck up!" Gus agreed.

"Now, now," said Cinderella. "You hardly know her. You have to give her a chance."

As Cinderella set the pair of mice down on the ground, she noticed that something was missing. “My bracelet!” she gasped. “It must have fallen off during Gabrielle’s tour.”

“We can find it, Cinderelly!” Jaq said.

“Oh, thank you for offering,” Cinderella said, “but we went all over the castle and gardens. The bracelet could be anywhere.”

“No problem for Jaq and Gus-Gus!” Jaq replied, puffing out his chest. “Just follow us, Cinderelly!”

They went to ask Gabrielle about the last time she remembered seeing the bracelet.

"Oh, dear. I'm afraid I was so busy admiring the castle that I wasn't paying much attention to Cinderella's bracelet," Gabrielle said.

"I can help you look," a soft voice said. It was Babette, stepping out from her little house.

Jaq and Gus frowned at Babette, but Cinderella accepted, gratefully. "That would be wonderful. Thank you, Babette."

Jaq reluctantly agreed. "We can check the mouse-size places, and Cinderelly check the princess-size places."

The three mice scurried from room to room. They looked behind curtains, on top of cabinets, and even in the tea room. Gus checked inside an entire tea set.

"Gus-Gus, Cinderelly's bracelet isn't in a teapot," Jaq laughed.

Gus looked embarrassed, but Babette quietly spoke up. "It never hurts to check."

The mice continued searching the tea room until Babette suddenly let out a squeal of joy.

"Jaq! Gus! Look!" Babette had found Cinderella's bracelet stuck between two velvet cushions.

"Hooray!" Gus and Jaq cheered together.

The pair of mice hopped down to help Babette free the heavy bracelet from between the cushions.

"You can tell Cinderelly you found it," Gus said.

"Oh, I couldn't!" Babette said, blushing.

Suddenly, Jaq and Gus understood why Babette had been so quiet. Babette wasn't a snob. She was just shy!

"Be brave," Gus said, patting her on the shoulder.

"Cinderelly is the nicest princess ever," Jaq said. "You can talk to her."

Now that the bracelet had been found, the three mice had the rest of the day to play together. Gus had a fun idea and grabbed Babette's paw.

"Hide-and-seek!" he squeaked.

The three friends ran off, holding hands. They spent the afternoon playing in the many castle rooms they had explored earlier.

But their fun couldn't last forever.

When it was time for Gabrielle to go home, Jaq and Gus were sorry to say goodbye to their new friend.

"Come back soon!" Gus said.

Babette waved. "I'll miss you!" she told them.

The mice found Cinderella searching her bedroom.

Jaq and Gus gently pushed Babette forwards with the jewellery.

"Oh, you little dear!" Cinderella cried. "Did you find my bracelet?"

Babette blushed and nodded.

"Thank you," Cinderella said.

Babette saw that she was surrounded by kind friends. She gathered all her courage, looked Cinderella in the eye, and said, "You're welcome, Princess." Cinderella, Jaq and Gus walked outside to wave the carriage off.

When Gabrielle and Babette were out of sight, Jaq turned to Cinderella.

"Babette!" he cried. "She's so much fun."

"The best!" Gus chimed in.

"Oh, really?" Cinderella smiled. "She's not 'stuck up' or a 'snob'?"

"We're sorry, Cinderelly," Jaq said.

"That's all right, Jaq," Cinderella replied warmly. "I'm sure you'll be much more patient with new friends in the future."

Gus gave a firm nod and Jaq cried, "We sure will!"

Disney Princess

Tangled

The Sweetest Day Ever

Rapunzel was having the best birthday of her life. She'd finally left her tower. She and her chameleon, Pascal, had made some new friends – like Flynn, the well-meaning thief, and Maximus, the noble horse. And in a few hours, she'd get to see the floating lanterns she'd always wondered about.

Before the lanterns, they had time to explore the kingdom of Corona. Since today was the celebration of the lost princess's birthday, the whole town was out on the streets for the festivities.

Rapunzel had never met so many interesting people. There were musicians playing lively tunes, kids drawing with chalk and all sorts of street vendors selling goodies. Rapunzel found she had plenty to talk about with all of them.

"Hello there!" called a man behind a fruit stand. "Crispy, delicious apples? They're straight from my farm."

Rapunzel bounded over to greet him. "They certainly look tasty," she said. "What's it like owning a farm?"

Further down the street, Rapunzel struck up conversation with another street vendor. “Wow! Are these your paintings? What brushes do you use?”

“I know a fellow artist when I see one,” the painter said, and the two started chatting like old friends.

Suddenly, Rapunzel and Flynn heard a commotion coming from a shop behind them. The sounds of crashing pans and loud voices erupted from an open window.

"I have half a mind to call the palace guards!" a voice cried.

Rapunzel wandered over to the shop.

"Hey, it's a bakery!" Rapunzel said, noticing the sign outside. She headed for the door.

"Um... what was that about palace guards?" Flynn asked.

He knew the guards weren't that good at hunting him down, but he didn't want to walk straight into their arms. "Besides, I don't even like cake," he said.

Despite Flynn's protests, Rapunzel followed her curiosity inside. Her eyes were immediately drawn to the lively argument in front of her.

"I'm sorry, but we're all out!" said a small man, crouching in fear.

"How can you be out, on today of all days?" the flushed baker demanded, waving her rolling pin as the dairyman shrank back. "How am I going to make my famous Lost Princess Cupcakes without milk and eggs?"

Rapunzel stepped over to them. "Wait, you don't have eggs or milk?"

"That's right," the baker responded, her eyes narrowing suspiciously at the unfamiliar blonde girl who'd suddenly appeared in front of her.

"I can help! Stay right there," said Rapunzel, running out of the bakery as fast as she could.

The baker and the dairyman turned to stare at the man left behind.

"Uh… I guess I'll go help her," Flynn said and he darted after Rapunzel.

First, Rapunzel rushed back to the farmer's stand. Flynn, Maximus and Pascal all raced to follow her.

"Hi again, Frank! I need some of your finest!" He nodded and Rapunzel grabbed as many apples as she could carry.

Then, she stopped by the artist. "You don't have any unused paintbrushes you could spare, do you, Felix?" Rapunzel asked.

Soon girl, boy, horse and chameleon were back at the bakery, their goods in tow.

The baker showed Rapunzel into the kitchen, curious about what the girl was going to suggest. She was so intrigued that she didn't think twice about the large horse and bright chameleon peeking into her shop.

"You don't need eggs or milk," Rapunzel announced, pulling out some pots and pans. "You can use apple sauce!"

"Apple sauce?" repeated the baker.

"Yep!" Rapunzel said and she taught the baker her favourite way of quickly whipping up some apple sauce.

In no time, golden, fluffy cupcakes were cooling on the counter.

"And now to add a little pizzazz," Rapunzel said. She grabbed one of the borrowed paintbrushes and started decorating the cupcakes with bright colourful icing. The baker inspected Rapunzel's work with admiration.

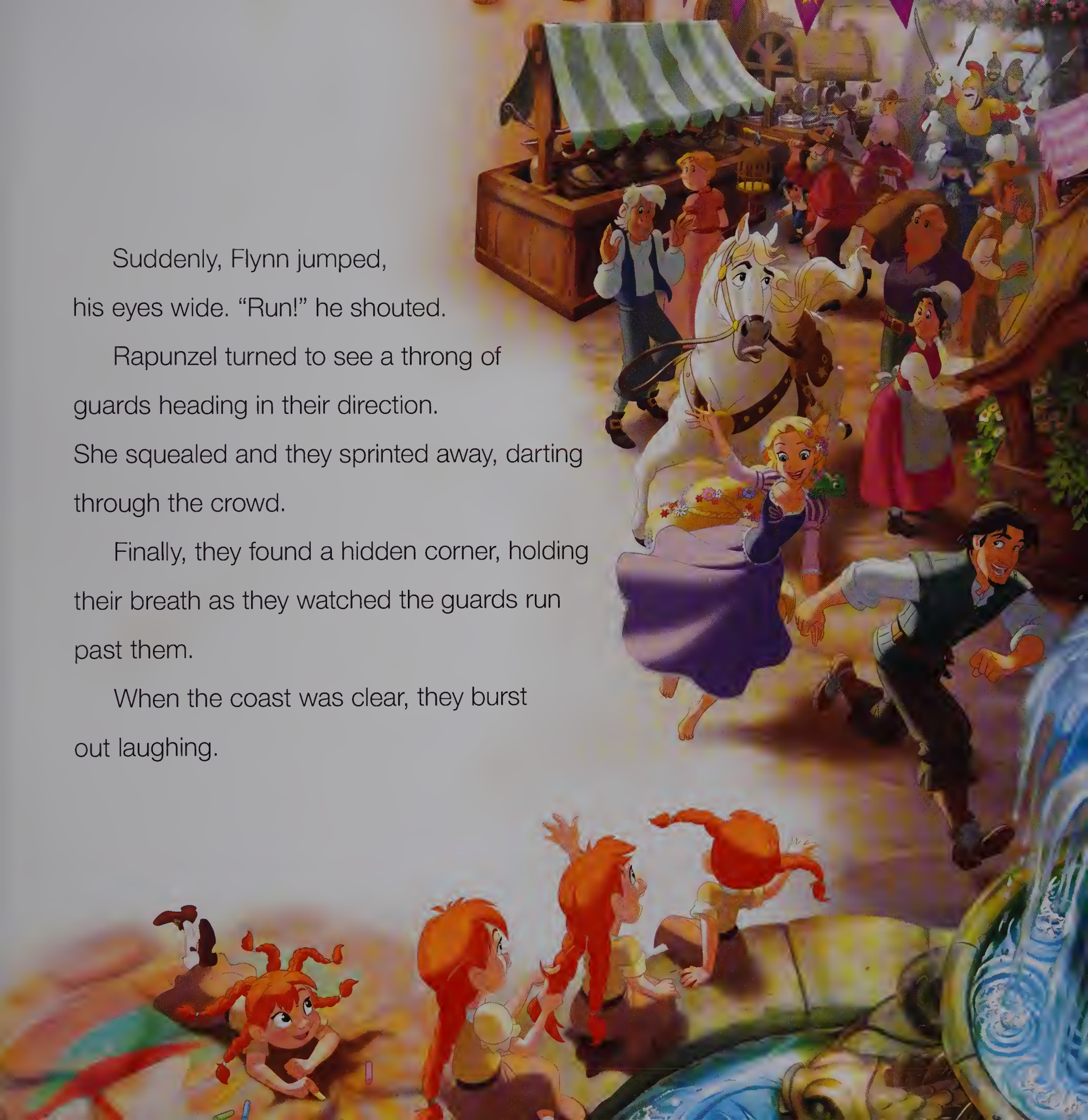
"You saved the day!" the baker said. "Cupcakes for everyone… even you, Lester," she said, eyeing the dairyman. She handed Flynn a basket filled with the beautiful sweet treats.

Rapunzel and Flynn knew just where to take them. Saving the Lost Princess Cupcakes had been a team effort, after all.

Frank loved the sweet taste.

Felix loved the decorations.

"I think I'll try one now, too," Rapunzel said, taking a cupcake out of the basket.



Suddenly, Flynn jumped, his eyes wide. “Run!” he shouted.

Rapunzel turned to see a throng of guards heading in their direction. She squealed and they sprinted away, darting through the crowd.

Finally, they found a hidden corner, holding their breath as they watched the guards run past them.

When the coast was clear, they burst out laughing.

"I sure have worked up an appetite," Flynn said, taking the cupcake Rapunzel offered him.

"I thought you didn't like cake," Rapunzel teased.

"I'll make an exception this time," he said, tipping his cupcake towards Rapunzel and taking a bite. "Wow! That *is* delicious."

"Thanks," Rapunzel said, tucking into her own. They looked at each other for a moment and both felt themselves blushing and grinning.

As the sun started to set, Rapunzel thought about how truly sweet the day had been... and it wasn't over yet! Soon, it would be time to see the floating lanterns with her best friends at her side.

Disney Princess

BRAVE

The Legend of the Emeralds

Princess Merida raced down the palace steps. She had been looking forward to the Rites of Summer all year long. It was a special festival that celebrated the friendship between the clans. This year, the Macintosh clan would be her family's honoured guests. There would be dancing, games and feats of strength.

At the docks, everyone gathered to greet their visitors.

Young Macintosh stepped down from the boat. The sunlight glinted off a family crest tied to his kilt sash.

"Oh, fancy, are we?" Merida teased him.

Young Macintosh grinned back. "What, you don't have a crest of your own?"

"No – but I have this," Merida replied, showing him a lucky charm she had tied to her bow. "So, shall I beat you at archery or to the top of the Fire Falls first?" She challenged him with a smile.

"To the Fire Falls!" Young Macintosh cried.

Merida leapt on her horse, Angus, and Young Macintosh followed close behind.

The two reached the base of the Fire Falls at the same time. They began to climb the craggy rocks. They were neck and neck as they approached the top.

With a final effort, Merida pulled herself up. "I won!" she cried.

"Barely!" protested Young Macintosh. He glanced around. "Wow, this is an impressive waterfall you have here," he said. "Where does all of this water come from?"

"I'm not sure," Merida replied. "Let's find out!"

Merida and Young Macintosh walked further into the forest. Then they stopped at the edge of a deep lake.

"I suppose this must be it," Merida said, disappointed. "I fancied we would have an adventure, but this is just a common loch."

She tried climbing a boulder to get a better view. All of a sudden, the boulder beneath her moved! Merida stumbled sideways into a hidden cave. Young Macintosh leapt up to follow.

When Merida caught her balance, she gasped at what they had found.

"It's the real source of the Fire Falls!" Merida cried, pointing at the pool of glimmering water inside the cave.

At the centre, two large, glowing emeralds rested on a stone ledge. "Those emeralds must be lucky," she said.

"Lucky?" Young Macintosh asked. "But emeralds are a symbol of power, not luck."

"Everyone knows emeralds bring good luck!" Merida scoffed.

Merida and Young Macintosh began to argue.

Young Macintosh snatched up one of the emeralds. "I'm taking this to my father. Then you'll see how powerful emeralds are. The Macintosh clan will be stronger than ever!"

"Then I'll be taking the other one!" Merida exclaimed.

They each put an emerald in their own pouch. Neither noticed that the gems had stopped glowing.

Back at the castle, Lord Macintosh assured them that the emerald was indeed a symbol of power.

"Lord Macintosh is correct," replied Queen Elinor. "But the emerald also symbolises luck. And we sometimes forget the emerald's most important meaning: loyalty. The ancient Legend of the Emeralds is why we're here together today." She explained that there used to be fighting between the clans. Then, two great kings rose to power, and each placed an emerald at the source of the Fire Falls to symbolise their clans' new friendship. As long as the Fire Falls sparkled, there would be peace.

Just then, a DunBroch clansman raced into the hall. "The Fire Falls – they've gone dark!" he cried.

Everyone raced outside to look at the lifeless falls. "Who did this?" cried King Fergus.

Lord Macintosh nodded. "Yes, when King Fergus finds out which one of his DunBroch clansmen is responsible he will have my support."

"Which one of my clansmen? It was probably one of your clansmen," King Fergus said.

The men glared at each other.

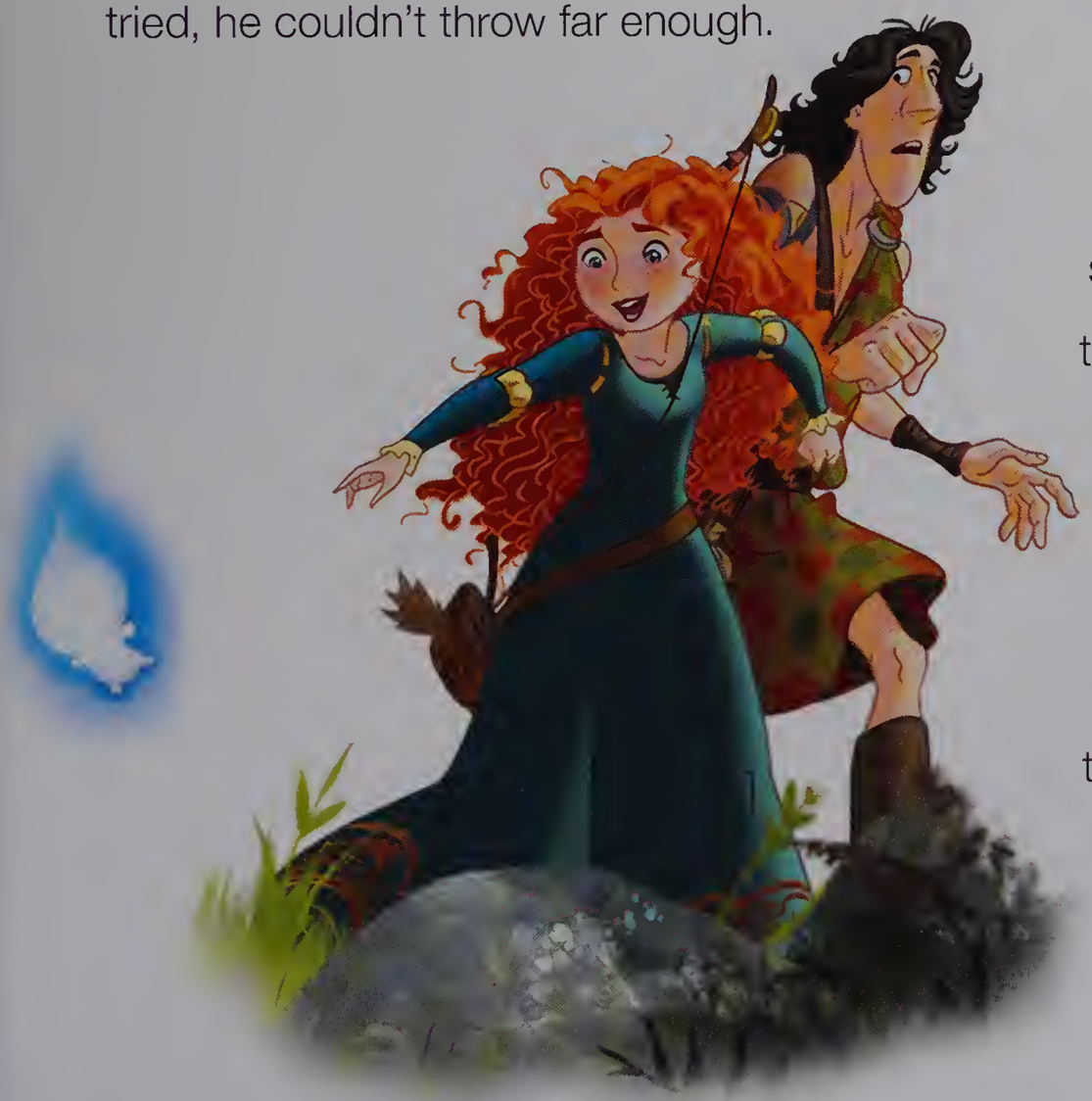
"Macintosh clan!" Lord Macintosh commanded loudly. "We're leaving!"

Merida and Young Macintosh shared a secret glance as everyone else went back to the castle. They had to get those emeralds back to where they belonged before the friendship between their clans was ruined! The pair tried to climb up to the Fire Falls again, but the dark water made the rocks too dangerous and slippery.

Suddenly, Merida saw a blue will-o'-the-wisp! She knew it would lead them to their destiny. More wisps appeared, drawing Merida's glance to the top of the falls, where she noticed a small tree.

"If only we had a rope..." Merida said.

"You mean, like this?" Young Macintosh asked, holding up a long coil. "I'll throw it up so it twists round that tree," he suggested. But as much as he tried, he couldn't throw far enough.



Merida had an idea. She picked out her strongest arrow and tied the rope around it. Then she pulled back the bowstring, adjusted her aim and – WHOOSH! – the arrow flew into the sky and landed next to the tree.

Carefully, Merida used the rope to climb the rocks. When she was at the top, she tied the rope to the tree. Young Macintosh followed her up slowly, one hand over the other. He was almost at the top when the rope gave a twang and snapped!

Young Macintosh began to fall, but he grabbed on to a rock just in time. Merida reached out to give him a hand. As she did, her pouch tipped forwards and the emerald she had carefully tucked inside plunged over the cliff edge!

"No!" Merida cried. The emerald was gone.

"You saved my life!" said Young Macintosh, as Merida helped him climb to safety. "Thank you."

The water of the Fire Falls was getting even darker. When they finally reached the cave, Young Macintosh tried to put the emerald back where he had found it. But it nearly toppled right off the stone ledge!

Merida bit her lip. "The two emeralds must have supported each other there," she said. What would they be able to do without the other stone?

"The legend!" Merida suddenly gasped. "Each of the kings put an emerald on the stone. We've both got to put something there, too!" She removed her lucky charm from her bow and placed it on the ledge.

Young Macintosh placed a small knife. For a moment, a sparkling flash crackled and there was a burst of light. But it quickly faded.

Merida shook her head. "It can't just be anything. It has to be something that really, truly matters."

Young Macintosh carefully unpinned his family's crest from his kilt sash and placed it on the stone ledge.

A halo of green surrounded the objects as they lit up with dazzling sparkles. A golden light flickered out from under the ledge, filling the whole cave.

Then, finally, the water began to glow again! Merida and Young Macintosh raced from the cave just in time to see the Fire Falls turn from black into a clear crystal blue.

From the top of the falls, Merida and Young Macintosh could see the docks. There, Clan Macintosh was preparing to leave DunBroch!

Merida picked out her father, who was standing next to Lord Macintosh. "They're probably still shouting at each other," she said with a heavy sigh.

Quickly, Merida and Young Macintosh raced back down the falls and rode towards the dock.

"Wait!" Young Macintosh called when they were close enough. "We don't have to leave!"

"The Fire Falls are sparkling again," Merida cried. "The water flows as beautifully as it always has!" She explained how she and Young Macintosh had been the ones responsible for ruining the falls – and for fixing them again.

"And now there's no reason why our clans can't stay friends," Merida finished, hopefully.

"So we don't have to leave?" Young Macintosh asked his father.

King Fergus and Lord Macintosh looked at each other.

"Of course not!" cried Lord Macintosh, smiling at King Fergus.

Merida and Young Macintosh also shared a smile. By working together, they had fixed the Fire Falls – and the argument between their clans.

From then on, the Rites of Summer would always have a special meaning for both of them.

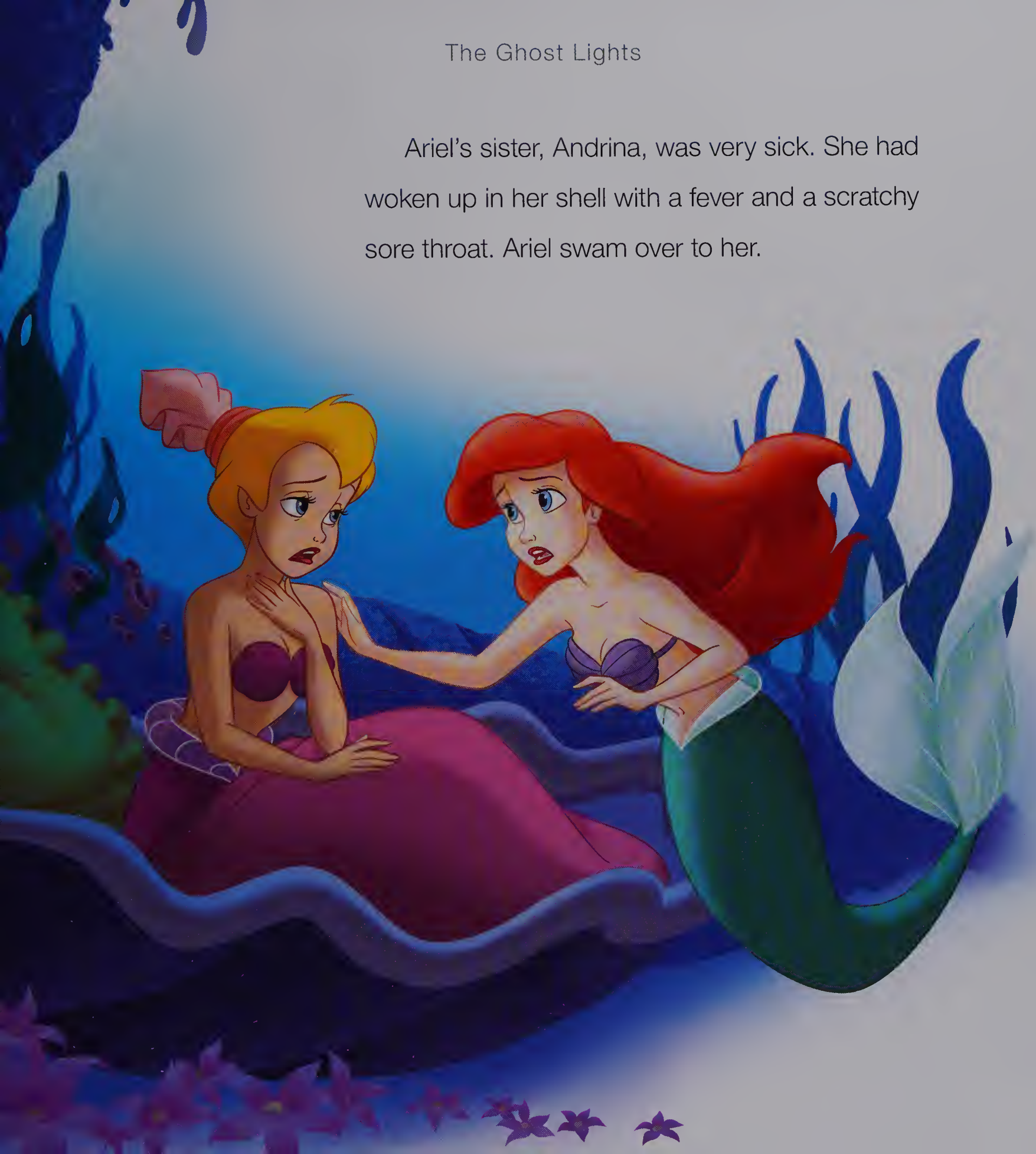
Disney Princess

The Little Mermaid

The Ghost Lights

Late one night,
Ariel woke from her
dream to the sound
of someone coughing.

Ariel's sister, Andrina, was very sick. She had woken up in her shell with a fever and a scratchy sore throat. Ariel swam over to her.



"I'll bring you some night lily," Ariel whispered. Freshly picked night lily made a powerful medicine. The glowing flowers grew just outside Atlantica and only bloomed in the dark.

"You can't," croaked Andrina. "Haven't you heard? The doctor hasn't been able to gather night lily for days. They say the flowers are guarded… by a ghost!" Andrina flinched. Her throat hurt too much to talk.

Ariel wasn't afraid of ghost stories. Andrina needed medicine right away, and Ariel was going to get it for her.

She crept out of the palace and woke Flounder. Together, they swam towards the edge of Atlantica.

At the kingdom's border, they saw guards peering into the dark ocean.

"What are they looking at?" Flounder asked.

"Shhhh, they'll hear you!" whispered Ariel.

Small blue lights moved out into the darkness.

"There they are," one guard said. "The ghost lights! Let's take a look."

"No!" replied a burly guard. "They'll make you follow them, and you'll be lost forever."

"You hear that?" whispered Flounder. "Maybe we should go back."

Ariel shook her head. Pulling Flounder along, they sneaked past the guards.

The lights danced as they got closer. "What do you think it is?" asked Flounder. "An octopus? A sunken ship? An electric eel? Is it a sh-shark?"

"Don't be such a guppy," Ariel replied. "Sharks don't glow. Come on!"

When they swam closer, they saw the lights weren't one big creature, but a school of fish! Each fish was covered in glowing blue spots and they circled above the night lilies.

One of the fish saw Ariel and Flounder. "Can you help us?" it cried.

"Are you going to make us follow you?" Flounder asked the fish in a shaky voice. "And then we'll be lost forever?"

"What? Of course not," replied the fish. "We're the ones who are lost! We're glowing toadfish. We belong near the shore. We've tried and tried to find our way back. But we always end up by these flowers. We're so mixed up."

Ariel looked at the glowing blue fish. Then she switched her gaze to the glowing blue flowers.

"I know how to help!" she said finally. "Follow me."

Ariel, Flounder and the school of fish swam up and up and up. Soon their heads broke the surface of the ocean.

"From far away, the night lilies look like you," Ariel explained. "That's why you keep swimming towards them. You think they're your family!" She pointed up to the night sky. "Just follow that bright star instead and you'll find the shore."

The fish spun round and round Ariel in thanks. Then, they swam off towards their home.

Ariel and Flounder dived back down to the night lily field. They picked as many flowers as they could carry.

A few moments later, the border guards saw what looked like two bright blue eyes racing out of the darkness at them.

"It's the ghost lights!" they cried.

"Don't worry! It's just me and Flounder," called Ariel. The guards laughed in relief when they recognised them.

"Princess," said one guard, "you shouldn't be out past the border in the dark."

"I'm not afraid of the dark – or ghost stories," replied Ariel. "Plus, my sister needs this medicine."

Ariel and Flounder rushed to the palace with the flowers.

The next morning, Andrina felt so much better that she couldn't stop talking – about how brave Ariel was!

Disney Princess

Cinderella

The Heart of a Champion

Cinderella was visiting her old friend Frou in the royal stable, when her mouse friends Jaq and Gus told her that a messenger had arrived at the palace. Cinderella said goodbye to Frou and the other horses, then hurried off to hear the news.

The messenger said that there was going to be a horse show. The king usually entered it, but he never did very well. Now that Cinderella was part of the family, he thought she would be the perfect person to represent them.

"Why, I'd be delighted," Cinderella said when the king suggested it.

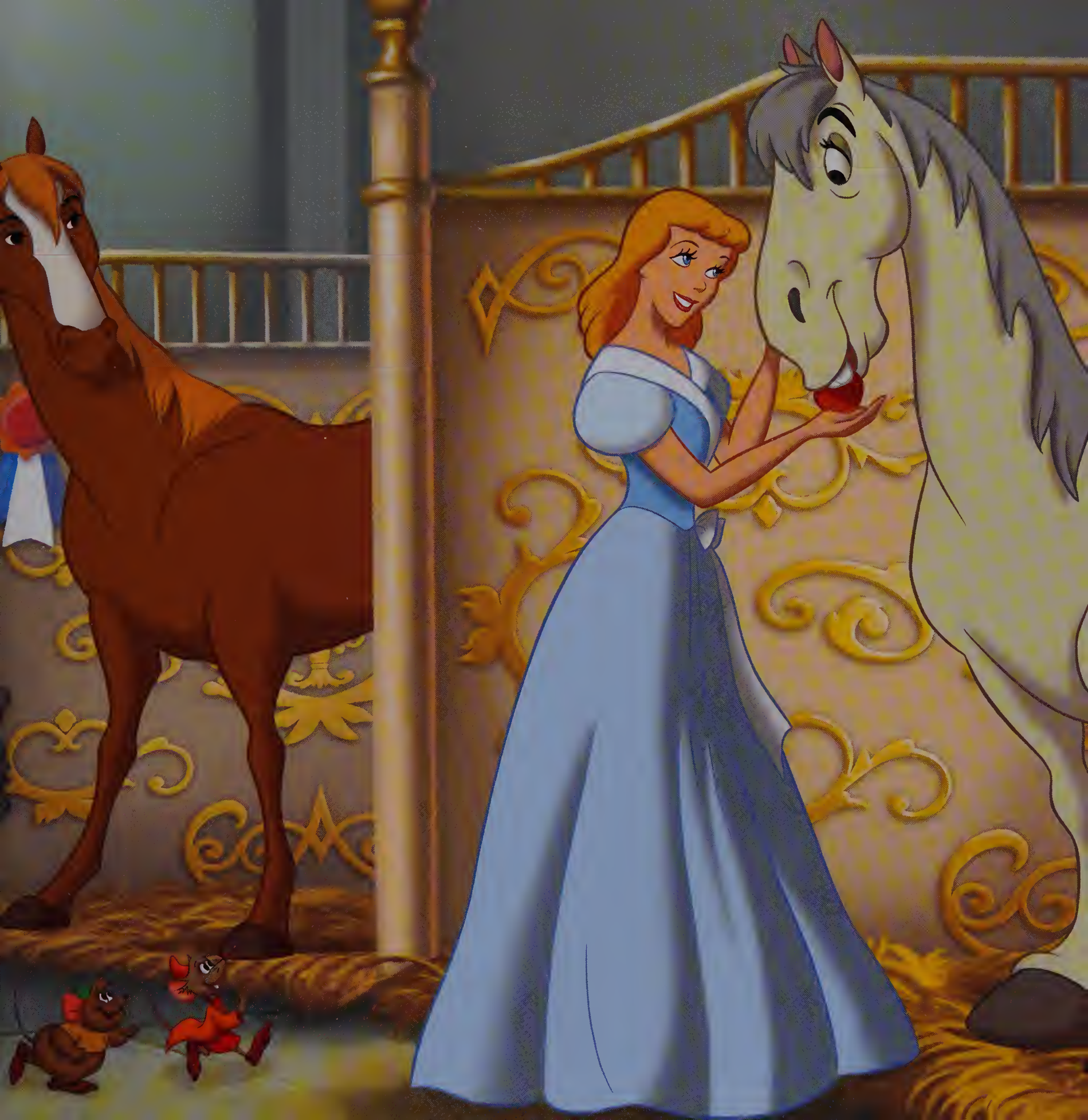
The next thing Cinderella knew, the king was leading her back to the royal stable. The prince and the grand duke went with them.

"The finest horsewoman in the kingdom must have the finest horse in the kingdom," the king said. "I have a stable full of champions, my dear. We'll choose the best of the best, and you can begin training right away. Ah, yes! I can see those ribbons already!"

The king ordered his groomsmen to saddle up his horses – all 122 of them – and bring them out to the courtyard.

Cinderella climbed on to the back of the first horse. She knew the stallion was the king's favourite. But he was just a bit too small. The next horse, however, was too big.

Cinderella sat on one horse after another, but none of them felt quite right.



Finally, Cinderella dashed into the stable. "I'll be right back!" she called. "I know the perfect horse."

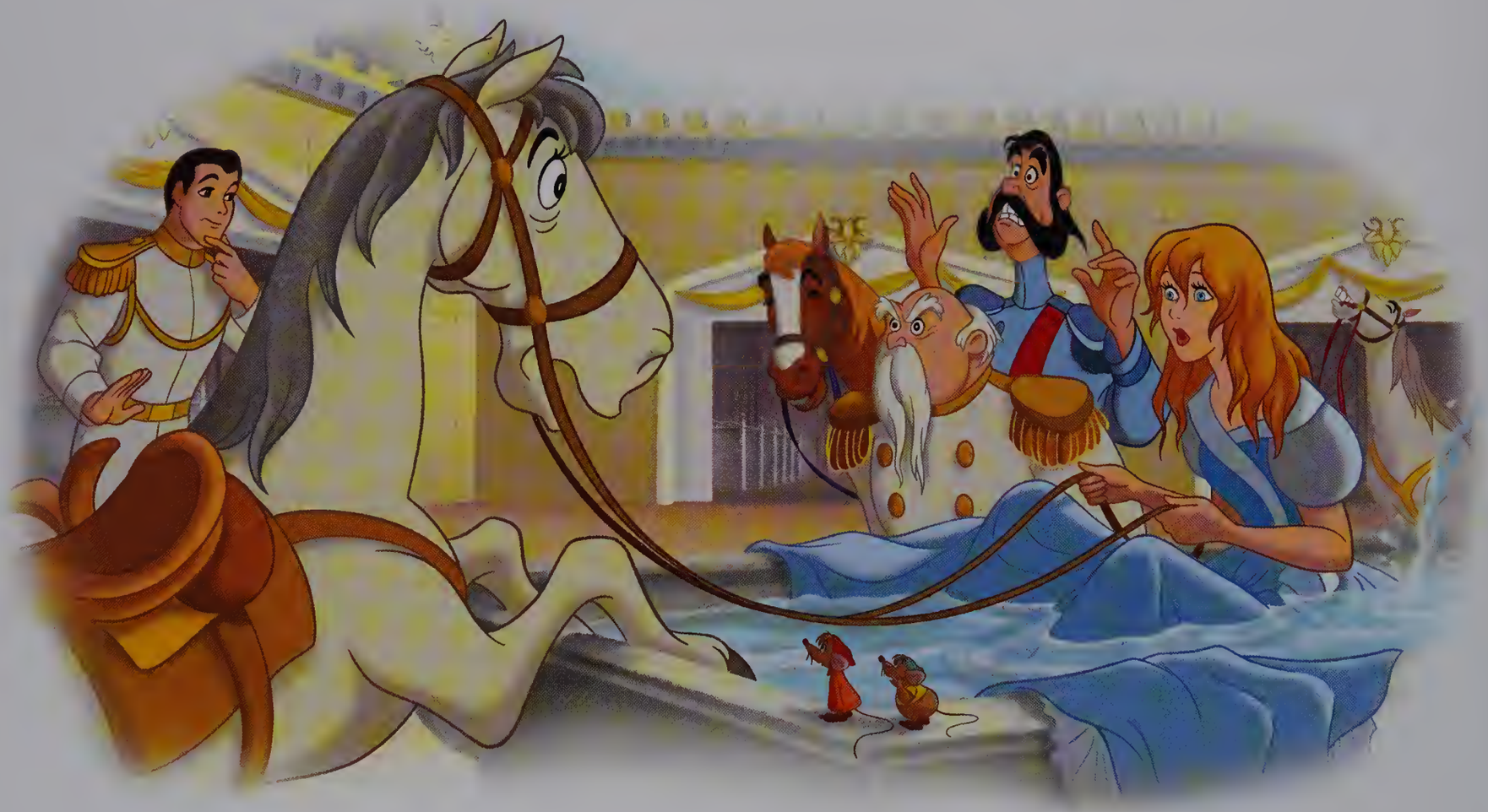
Moments later, Cinderella returned, leading Frou by the reins.

The king stared at Cinderella and Frou in disbelief.

"Frou may be old," said Cinderella, patting the horse's shaggy mane, "but he has the heart of a champion!"

But the first thing Frou did was trip over a nearby water trough and Cinderella flew over his head. She landed in the trough with a splash! The other horses whinnied with laughter and Frou hung his head.

"Don't worry," Cinderella said to the king. "By next week, we'll be ready."



Cinderella and Frou trained for hours each day.

But Frou kept making mistakes. No matter how sweetly Cinderella urged him, he missed every jump.

And no matter how firmly she steered him, he went the wrong way every time.

"Oh Frou," Cinderella said, patting his head, "I know you can do it!"

No one else at the palace was quite so sure – especially Frou!

Suddenly, Cinderella's fairy godmother appeared.

"I overheard your little mouse friends talking," she explained. "They said you need a miracle. So, here I am!"

Cinderella laughed and shook her head. "Oh, that's kind of you," she said. "But we don't need a miracle, just a good night's sleep."

"My dear," her fairy godmother whispered, "you know Frou can win, and I know Frou can win, but our friend doesn't believe in himself yet. I'm going to help fix that."

The Fairy Godmother waved her magic wand at Frou.

In a flash, Cinderella and Frou had new outfits and a glass horseshoe appeared on each of Frou's hooves.

"With these horseshoes, you'll never miss a step," the Fairy Godmother said, winking at Cinderella.

The next day at the horse show, Cinderella saw more fine horses than she had ever seen before. They all looked like champions – but so did Frou! He held his head high and stamped his hooves proudly.

The king could hardly believe that Frou was the same horse he'd been watching trip and stumble all week long.

Frou cleared every jump with ease. He never took an awkward step or a wrong turn. He even managed a graceful little bow to the judges at the end of his routine.

Cinderella smiled. Her fairy godmother had been right. Frou had only needed a reason to believe in himself.

In the end, there was no question who belonged in the winner's circle – Princess Cinderella and Frou!

"You know," the king told the grand duke, "I had a special feeling about that horse all along..."

After the horse show, Frou returned to his stall at the palace stable with his head a little higher, his back a little straighter and his glass horseshoes ready for the next time duty called.

Disney Princess

Jasmine

A Proper Princess

Long before Aladdin came into Princess Jasmine's life, every day was like the one before. Her time was spent inside the palace or out in the royal gardens with her only friend, Rajah the tiger.

Jasmine often wondered what life was like beyond the tall palace walls.

One day, Jasmine saw Jafar take a bunch of envelopes from her father. "Who are those letters from?" she asked.

Jafar stepped forwards.

"Just silly complaints from the people," he said. "Pure nonsense."

"Nonsense," squawked Iago.

Jasmine asked to read the letters, but the Sultan refused to let her. This was nothing for a princess to worry about.

"But, Father, I want to help," said Jasmine. "I want to do something."

"Your job is to be a proper princess," he said, ushering her out into the garden. "Just enjoy it." He smiled and headed back to work.

Rajah followed Jasmine as she paced. "A proper princess?" she repeated. "A proper princess should have responsibilities!"

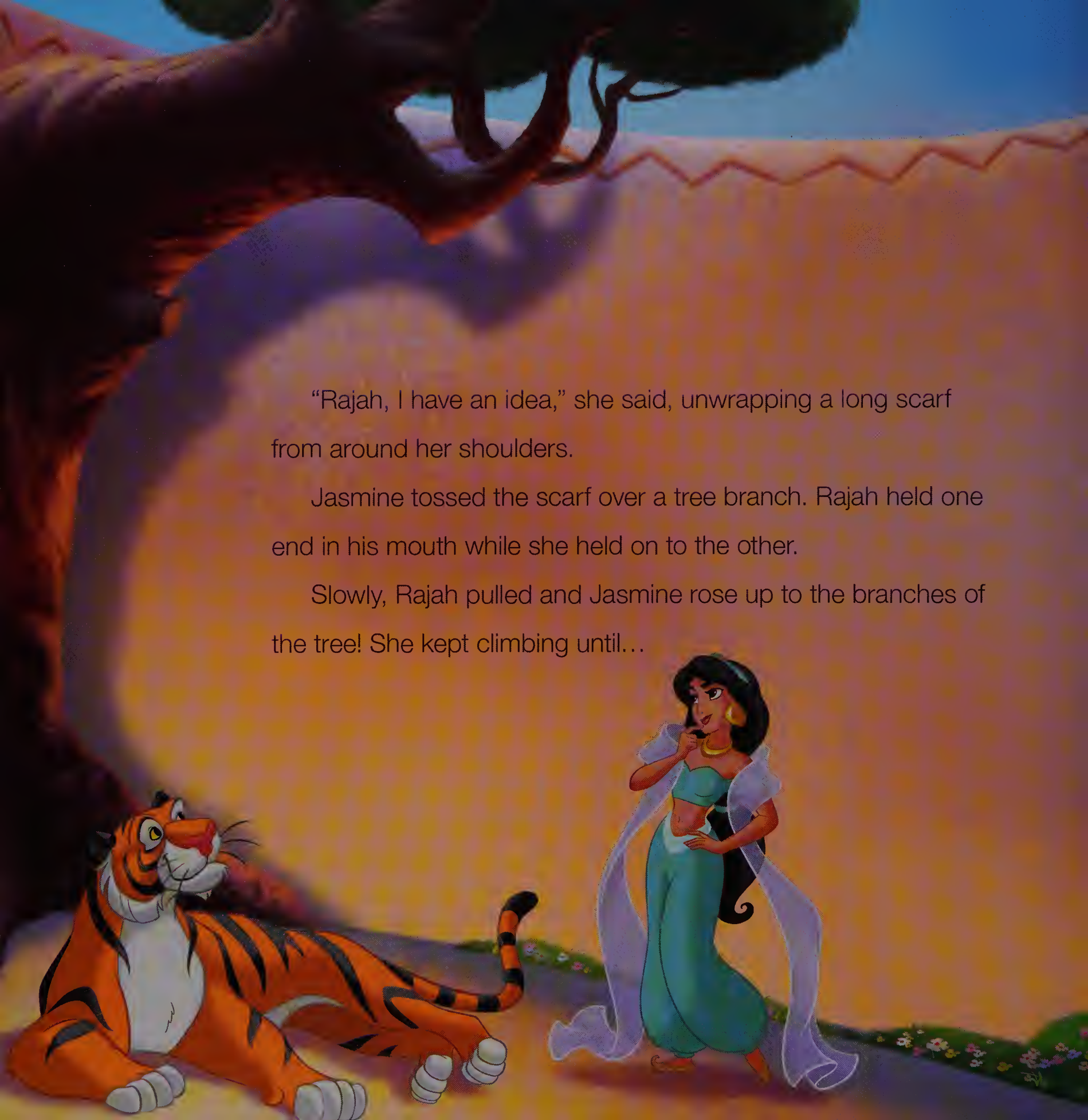
Rajah tried to comfort her. First he nuzzled his head against her arm. But that didn't seem to help. Then, Rajah let out a low growl. But Jasmine still didn't notice him.

Finally, Rajah planted himself right in front of the princess.

That's when Jasmine noticed something in Rajah's mouth. It was one of the letters! Jasmine read it quickly.

The letter was from a merchant who was upset about the old town square. It was falling apart! She had to find out more… but how?

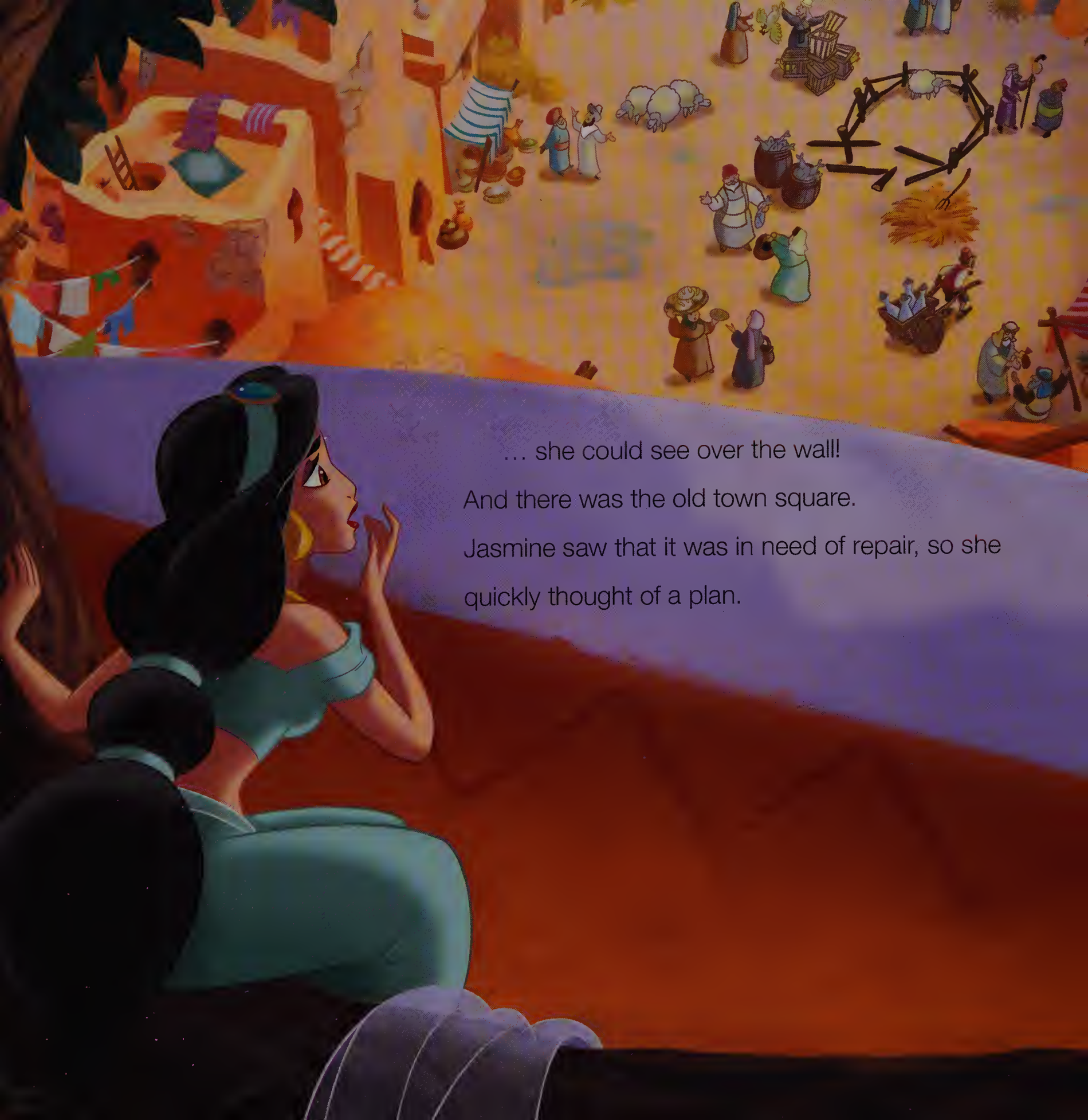
Jasmine would have to see over the palace wall. She tried… and tried… and tried… but it was a very high wall! She walked around, looking for another way.



"Rajah, I have an idea," she said, unwrapping a long scarf from around her shoulders.

Jasmine tossed the scarf over a tree branch. Rajah held one end in his mouth while she held on to the other.

Slowly, Rajah pulled and Jasmine rose up to the branches of the tree! She kept climbing until…



... she could see over the wall!

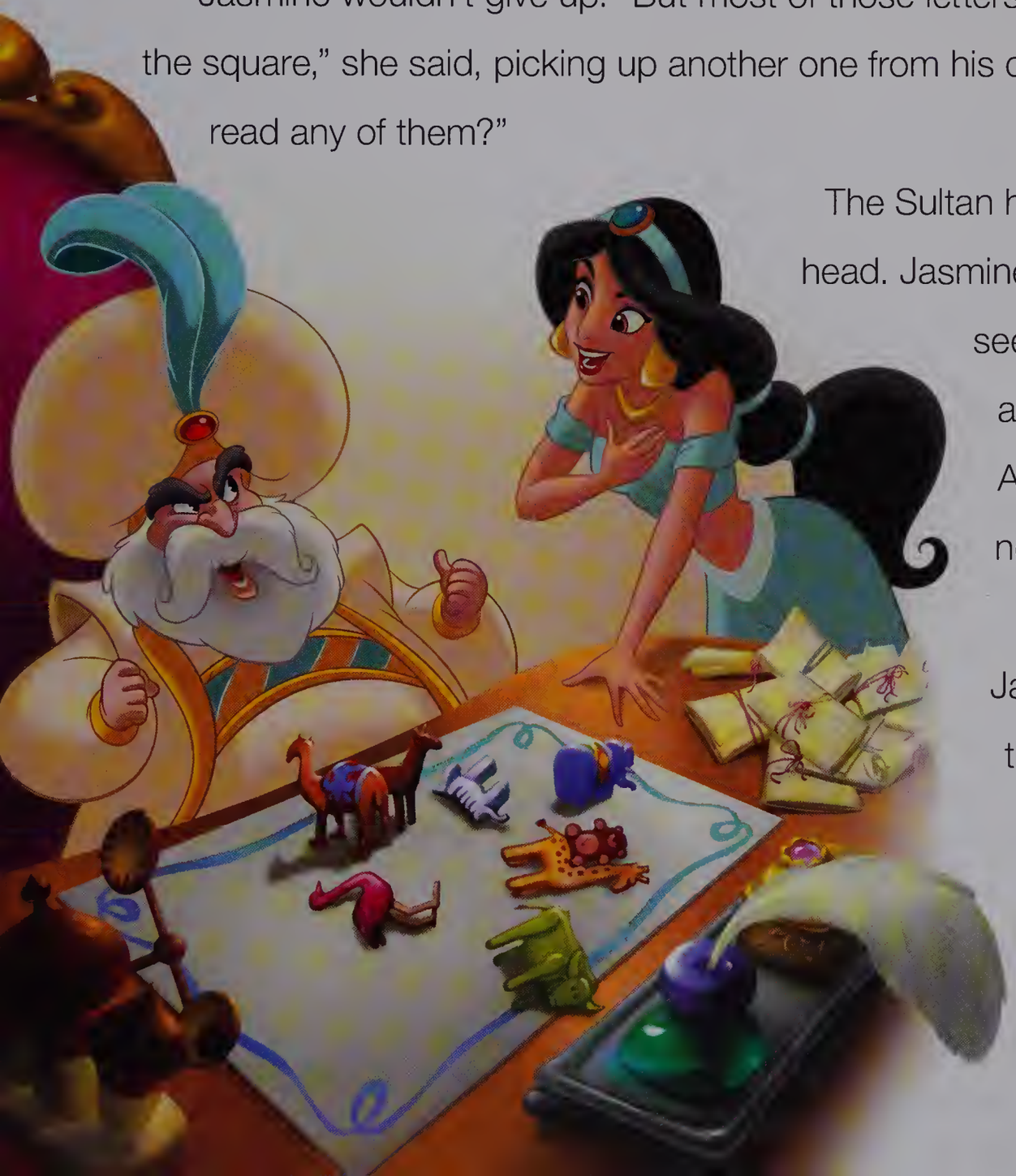
And there was the old town square.

Jasmine saw that it was in need of repair, so she quickly thought of a plan.

Jasmine rushed to tell her father about it. But he interrupted her and became angry when he learnt she had climbed a tree.

"This is not proper behaviour," he scolded.

Jasmine wouldn't give up. "But most of those letters are surely about the square," she said, picking up another one from his desk. "Father, have you read any of them?"



The Sultan hesitated, then shook his head. Jasmine described what she'd seen and told her father about her idea. "What Agrabah really needs is a new central marketplace."

"With what funds?" Jafar hissed as he slithered through the open door.

Jasmine knew in her heart that Jafar did not care about the people. "I will fund it," she said, boldly. "I will happily offer my jewels for such an important project."

Jafar chuckled. "Proper princesses do not give up their jewels."

"Jewels," squawked Iago.

The Sultan quieted Jafar. "A central marketplace in Agrabah," he said, looking at his daughter with pride. "Yes, let's do it!"

From then on, the Sultan gave Jasmine the responsibility of reading the complaint letters. But she also had many thank you letters to read.

The merchants were so happy to see their marketplace repaired and now filled with treasures from around the world. Jasmine was happy to see it, too.

Climbing the tree to watch the marketplace in action always made her feel closer to her people. But most of all, she finally felt like a proper princess.

Disney Princess

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

The Great Jewel Hunt

"Farewell, my love," said Snow White. The prince was leaving on a royal trip. It was the first time the newly-weds would be apart.

"I'll be home soon," replied the prince. "In the meantime, I've left an envelope for you on the well. It's the first clue in a treasure hunt. At the end, you'll find a special gift!"

The clue was in plain sight. The Dwarfs gathered around Snow White as she opened the envelope. "I wonder what the gift will be?" she said. Then, she read the clue aloud:

"Can't leave you a kiss,
Or even a hug,
So here is a clue:
Look under the..."

"I know!" cried Sneezy. "The prince left the next clue under a bug!" Sneezy quickly led everyone to the garden.

Snow White and the Dwarfs looked under ladybirds, spiders, butterflies, beetles and, very carefully, bumblebees. But they didn't find a thing.

"Actually, it would be pretty hard to hide a clue under a bug," said Snow White. "Maybe it's hidden under something that sounds like bug?"

"Under a jug?" suggested Happy.

"No, he must have meant under a mug!" cried Grumpy. "To the kitchen!"

But as the Dwarfs searched inside, Grumpy tripped over Dopey.

"Crawling on the floor in someone's castle is mad banners," scolded Doc. "I mean, it's very bad manners!"

"Whatever are you doing, Dopey?" asked Snow White.

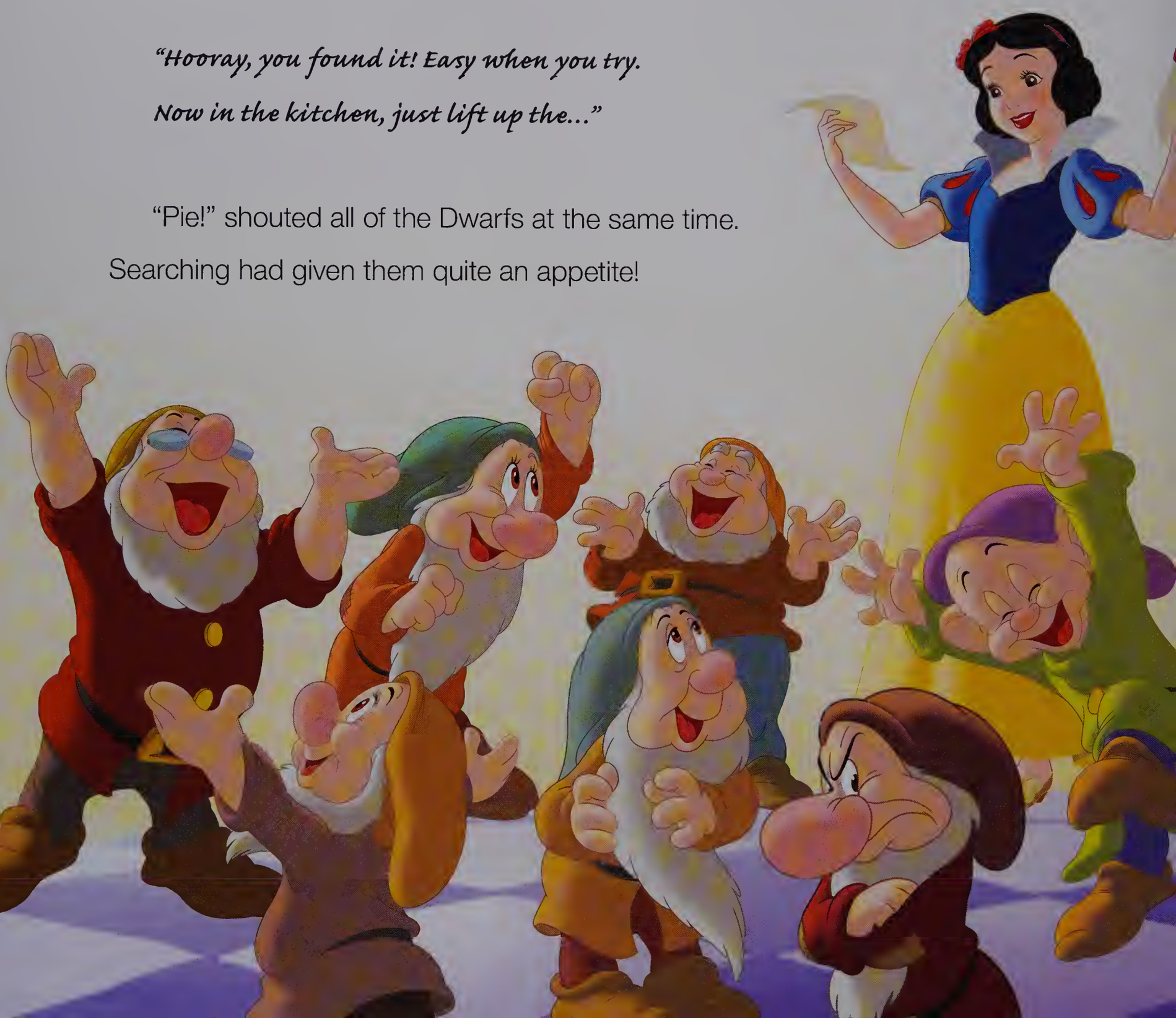
Dopey crawled out from under the carpet and held up an envelope.

Snow White clapped her hands with excitement. "Under the rug! Oh, Dopey, you're a genius!"

Snow White read the next clue:

"Hooray, you found it! Easy when you try.
Now in the kitchen, just lift up the..."

"Pie!" shouted all of the Dwarfs at the same time. Searching had given them quite an appetite!



Sure enough, the next clue was hidden underneath the pie plate. First, Snow White served everyone a piece of freshly baked gooseberry pie. Then, while they were eating, she read the next clue.

"Put on a smile, it's no time to frown.
You'll find the next clue in your royal..."

Snow White thought for a moment. "My royal gown?" she guessed. The Dwarfs all nodded in agreement and quickly finished off their pie.

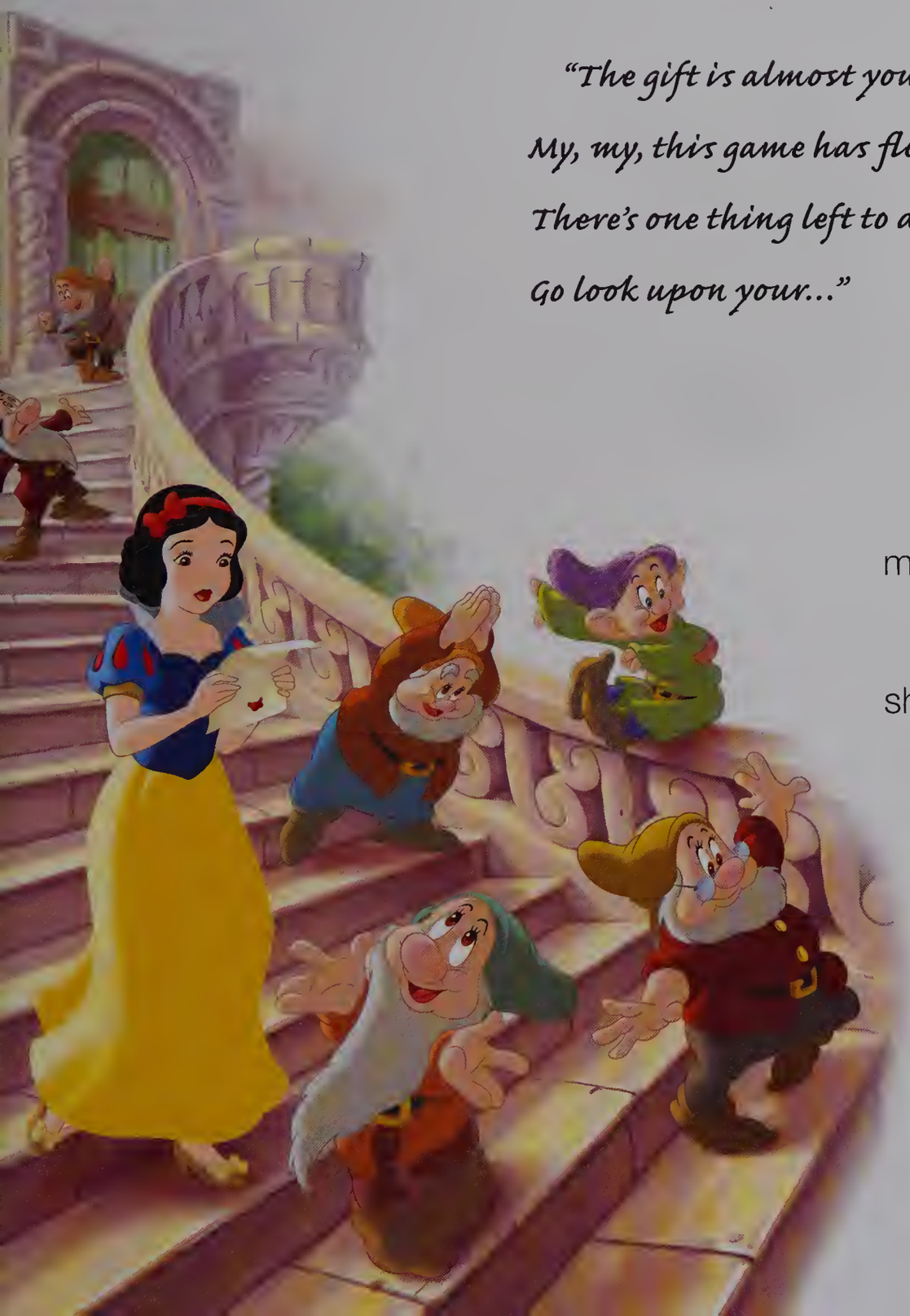
In Snow White's dressing room, the Dwarfs searched through gown after gown after gown. But there was no clue to be found in any of the dresses.

"Now we'll never find Snow White's gift," Sneezy said, sadly.

Grumpy noticed Bashful standing in the corner. "Why aren't you looking?" Grumpy asked him.

"Why, he doesn't have to," Snow White said. "He's wearing my royal crown. That must be where the clue is!"

Bashful took off the golden crown… and inside was the clue!



"The gift is almost yours.
My, my, this game has flown!
There's one thing left to do:
Go look upon your…"

"Stone!" offered Sneezy.

"That's silly," said Grumpy. "It must be bone!"

Soon, all of the Dwarfs were shouting out their own ideas.

"Cone!"

"Cologne!"

"Trombone!"

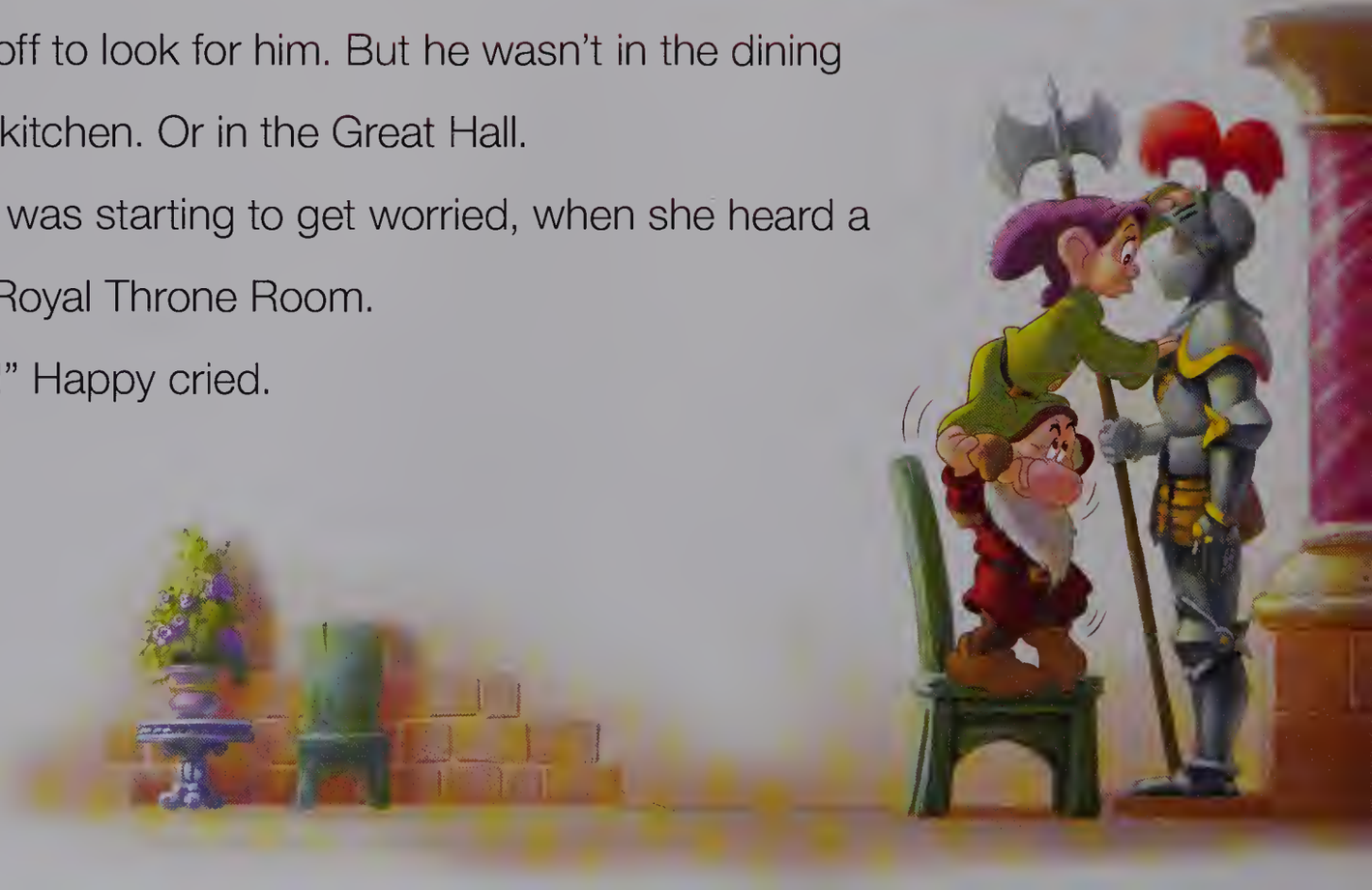
As the Dwarfs guessed, Snow White realised that someone was missing.

"Where's Sleepy?" she asked.

They all set off to look for him. But he wasn't in the dining room. Or in the kitchen. Or in the Great Hall.

Snow White was starting to get worried, when she heard a shout from the Royal Throne Room.

"I found him!" Happy cried.



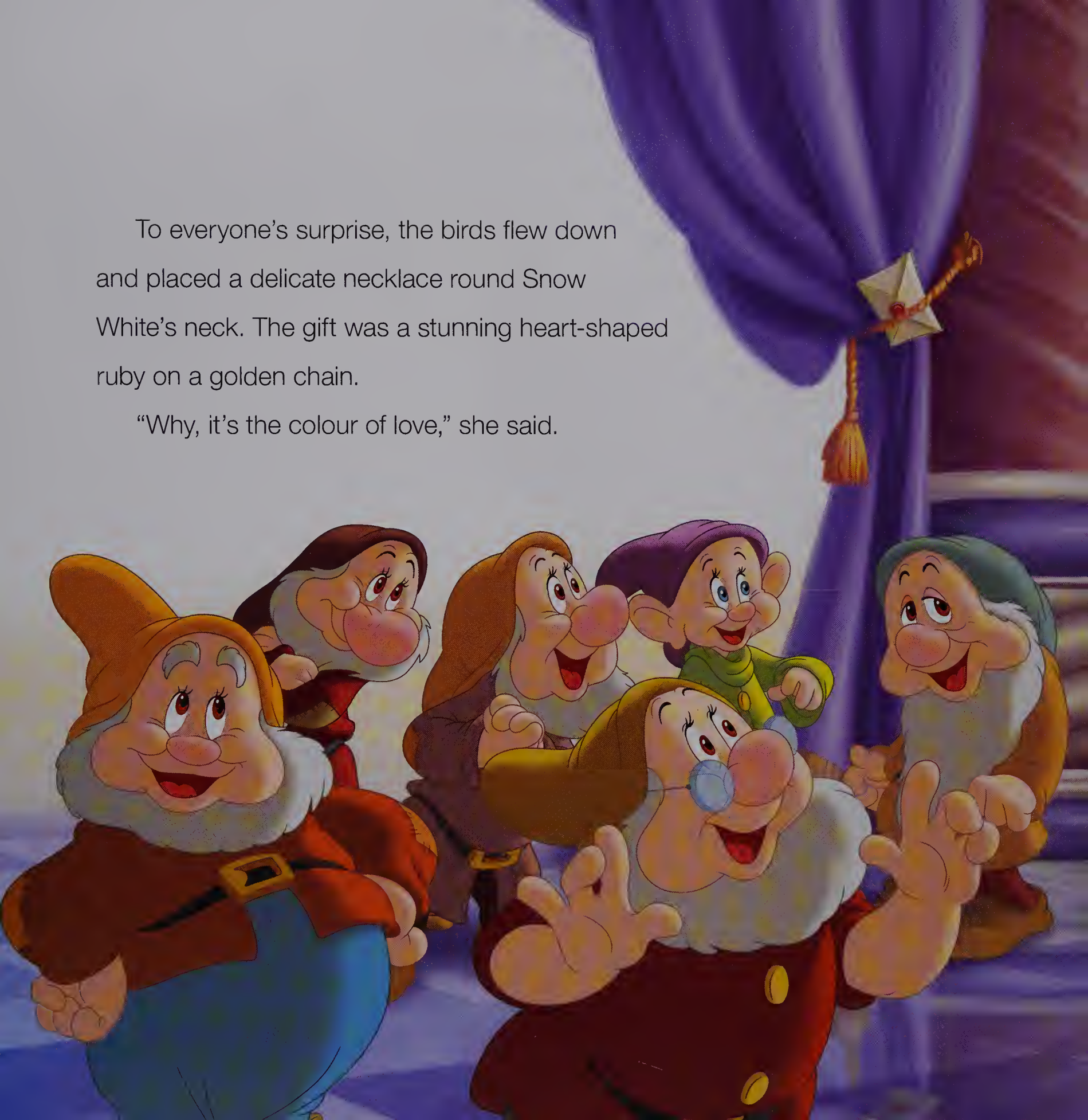
Sleepy was sound asleep on Snow White's throne.

"That's the answer to the clue," she whispered. "'Go look upon your throne.'"

"So where's the gift?" Grumpy grumped.

"Right there," said Doc. "Look!"

Sitting at the very top of Snow White's purple throne were two birds. They held something between their beaks that sparkled.



To everyone's surprise, the birds flew down and placed a delicate necklace round Snow White's neck. The gift was a stunning heart-shaped ruby on a golden chain.

"Why, it's the colour of love," she said.

Doc saw that Snow White was holding something else.

"The birds left a note," he said.

Snow White opened the envelope and read aloud:

"Yes, jewels are lovely,

But as this hunt ends,

Keep one thought in mind:

The best gifts are..."

"Odds and ends," said Sneezy.

"No, it's definitely chickens and hens," said Happy.

"Pens?" Bashful suggested.

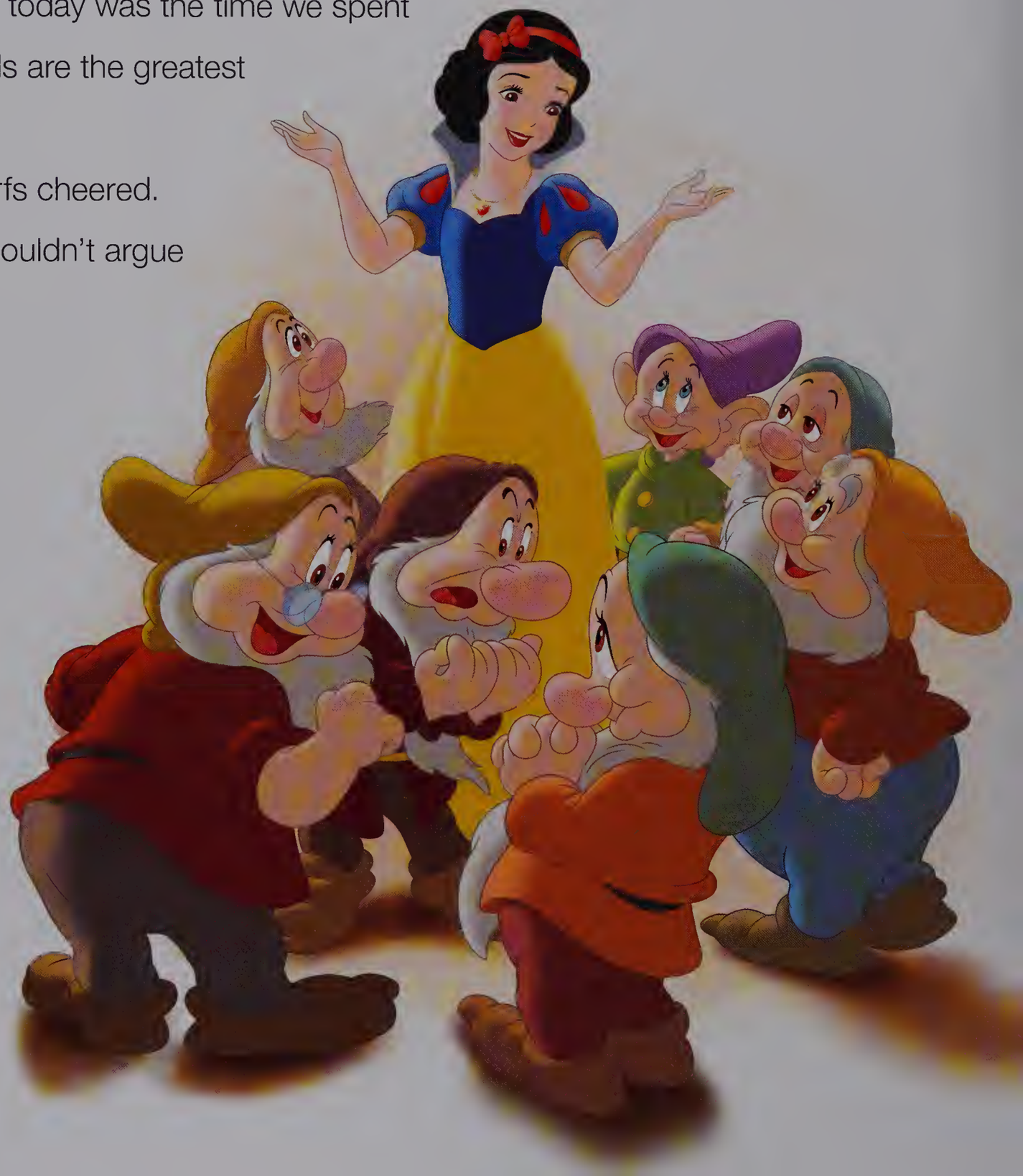
Grumpy couldn't believe his ears.

"What's wrong with you fellas?

The answer is 'friends'!"

"You're right," said Snow White. "I love my new necklace, but the best part of today was the time we spent together. Friends are the greatest gift of all!"

All the Dwarfs cheered. Even Grumpy couldn't argue with that.



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